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TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

ELSINORE—GOTENBURG.

I LEFT Copenhagen for Elsinore on the last day of June, with two companions, in a *char-a-banc*; a rough but not inconvenient kind of carriage drawn by two horses. We took the route by Fredericksborg (different from the Fredericksberg already mentioned), in order to visit that most distinguished of all the Danish palaces. The king was living in it at the time; but this was understood to present no difficulty. The life of Frederick VII. is remarkably modest and unobtrusive. Allowing his ministers to govern according to the best of their judgment, he is content to live in the manner almost of a private gentleman. It was stated that at this time, when half the sovereigns of Europe were in the agonies of a revolutionary crisis, the attention of the Danish monarch was chiefly engrossed by some ancient sepulchral tumuli found in his neighbourhood. So great is his disrelish of royal state and parade, that he can only with difficulty be induced to come occasionally to town to give audiences and attend reviews. Yet Denmark is a year old in a constitution which grants something approaching to universal suffrage. Very probably the Sleswig-Holstein war is what has secured this internal peace. Uniting in this external object, the people have escaped as yet the danger of falling together by the ears about progress and reaction. So for once a democratic movement has not been attended by a crop of folly and outrage.

The country passed over in our drive is composed of the tame undulations usual in the chalk formation, varied only by a few lakes and some fine woods. We snatched an interval required for resting the horses to see the queen-dowager's palace at Lundby, which we found to be a plain building situated amongst some pleasant groves, but in no way remarkable, except that the domain was open at all points to any one who chose to leave the high road by which it is skirted. We walked over the grounds, and penetrated into the garden, asking no leave, and meeting no resistance or challenge—a proof not so much, I apprehend, of any special liberality in the royal possessor, as of great harmlessness in the people; for certainly without *that*, no such indulgence could be extended. The inferiority of the place in point of trimness to similar places in England, and the meagre show of plants in the garden, were remarkable. That fastidious mowing, and paring, and cleaning, which is continually going on round a country residence in England, is unknown in the north of Europe.

All along our way to Fredericksborg I observed heaps of granite and gneiss boulders, ready to be broken up for the repair of the roads. They were to me an interesting set of objects, as being my first introduction to

the grand Drift Formation of the north. To most readers it will be enough for the present to say that they are masses of stone belonging to the granitic and gneissic countries of northern Sweden and Finland, which have been carried southward, probably for the most part by icebergs floating in the sea by which this region was once overspread. They are found imbedded in the clayey and gravelly covering of the country, or encumbering its surface; and now the farmers are allowed something for carting them to the roadsides, that they may be pounded down by the disciples of Macadam. The kerb-stones, which form the only approach to a pavement in Copenhagen are from the same source. I examined many of the wayside heaps, as well as those presented in gravel-pits, and found a few with traces of striation, denoting their having undergone rubbing in the transport; but these were rare objects. The cultivated land seems now pretty well cleared of them; but they still abound in forest ground. The sand of the aforesaid gravel-pits is in many places stratified, marking the deposition by water; but I nowhere could detect shells.

At length the pinnacles of Fredericksborg began to appear over the dull landscape, and we speedily found ourselves seated in the village inn at a very tolerable dinner. When this was concluded, we sauntered to the palace, which we found to be a huge brick edifice of the Elizabethan style, forming three sides of a square, with detached masses and courtyards, the whole closely surrounded by water. It is one of the many memorials of the magnificence of the fourth Christian, but was built on the site of a former palace; and amongst the few traces of the original left, is a small island covered with shrubbery. The shrubbery had been planted by Frederick II., the father of Christian, in commemoration of the son having been born on the spot; and under a feeling with which we can all sympathise, the reforming king left this shrubbery untouched. It is said that the new palace took fifteen years in building. Here, again, one wonders that so small a state could at that time furnish funds for the erection of such sumptuous edifices. The unchecked authority exercised by its princes is the only explanation of the mystery. They seem to have regarded palace-building as a legitimate amusement for their leisure hours, and to have been under no sort of scruple as to the sufferings of their people in furnishing the requisite funds. A Danish king, in the last century, told his young queen, in a fit of gallantry, that if she should kill a deer in the chase, he would build a palace on the spot. Such, I am told, was the actual origin of one of the numerous palaces which now adorn the country. To find ourselves now in this gray, old-fashioned château, and be told that the king lived in it, seeing as we did no trace of any state or pageantry whatever, and scarcely any mark of the

place being inhabited at all, raised some curious speculations in our minds as to the change of the relations of monarch and subject since the days of Christian IV.

The grand sight of Fredericksborg is the royal chapel, forming the lower floor of one side of the square. It is a superb specimen of that mixture of Grecian and Gothic which prevailed at the end of the sixteenth century; no grandeur of plan, but infinite ornament of detail, gilt reliefs (especially on the ceiling), carvings, and fine inlaid woodwork. The pulpit has pillars of silver, and the altar-piece glows with golden images and sculptures. 'The Swedes,' says Feldborg, 'took away twelve apostles in silver, leaving the figure of Christ, which was formed of the same metal, to preach the Gospel at home, as they wickedly expressed themselves, but declaring that his apostles should do so abroad.' The screened recess for the royal family still contains a range of chairs with wrought seats, which must be coeval with the chapel, as they contain Christian's initials. There is even still the same charity-box at the door, into which this grand old prince must have popped his donations as he passed to worship; for it, too, bears his initials. The coronations of the Danish kings take place here, and this has led to an unfortunate modernisation being effected at one end of the chapel for the accommodation of the throne, with seats for the knights of the Order of the Elephant. In every other particular it is preserved exactly as it was in the days of the founder. I may remark that the shields of the living Elephantine knights adorn the gallery. When they die, these symbols of their glory are removed to a clean, well-kept crypt beneath one of the angles of the palace, where the whole series for the last two centuries may be seen. This is at once a curious historical study and a touching lecture on the transitoriness of all human grandeur.

Over the chapel, and therefore occupying the same area, is the Banqueting-Hall, certainly a most magnificent apartment, being no less than 150 feet long, and of proportionate breadth, though generally thought to be a little deficient in height. This large room is beautifully paved with diced marble, and is covered all over with gilt and painted ornaments, particularly in the ceiling, while each space of wall between two windows contains a portrait of some monarch who had been presented to the Danish sovereigns. The ceiling alone, which is said to have been the work of twenty-six carvers for seven years, might detain a curious visitor for a day, since there is scarcely a familiar animal, or a trade, or art, which is not represented in it. In one compartment you may study the business of *Distillatio*; in another that of *Impressio Librorum*, and so forth. One sees in this and similar places many valuable memorials of the things of a former age, which he cannot but regret to leave after only a hasty and superficial inspection. I am convinced that a painstaking and leisurely person, who could take accurate drawings of such objects, would, in the course of a few years' rambles over Europe, acquire the means of producing almost a complete resuscitation of our mediæval ancestors in their dresses, habits, and all other external circumstances.

When we had satisfied our curiosity with the Fredericksborg palace, we returned to the inn, and speedily resumed our *char-a-banc*, but with fresh horses. I observed with some surprise that the driver, in passing out of the town, deemed himself at liberty to take a short cut through the half-ruinous gateways and rain-bleached courts of the palace, notwithstanding the presence of royalty within the mansion. We found some fine woods extending from the palace in this direction, and peopled with deer. A short drive brought us to another palace, called Fredensberg, more modern than the last, and with some pretensions to notice. But we were too much satisfied with such sights to care for an inspection of Fredensberg, and we therefore passed on to Elsinore, where we arrived betimes in the evening.

An Englishman usually approaches this town with

his mind full of Shakspeare and Hamlet, and an eager expectation to see places hallowed by association with the name of him of the inky cloak: supply naturally follows demand, and hence it is not surprising to find that a place called 'Hamlet's Garden' has been 'got up' in the neighbourhood, and established as the scene of the murder of the royal Dane. Not being disposed to have much faith in the reality of a northern prince of the fourth century before the Christian era, I entered Elsinore with comparatively sober feelings. It is a very ordinary-looking mercantile town of 8000 inhabitants (yet the fourth in Denmark), situated on a low plain beside that Sound which has originally given it consequence. Not much less than a hundred vessels of all flags lay in the calm sea in front, waiting for wind, or till they should pay their dues to the king of Denmark. It is admitted that L.150,000 per annum are thus extorted under favour of the cannon of Cronberg Castle, which raises its huge form near by, like the beggar in 'Gil Blas,' whom the reader may remember described as having his gun presented on a pair of cross-sticks to enforce a demand neither less nor more justifiable. It is certainly surprising that a system so little different from the predatory practices of the Rhenish barons of the fourteenth century should still be found in vigour. I am afraid that my only true English associations with the place referred to things at which the Shakspearian enthusiast will scoff—to wit, James VI. dating during his honeymoon from Cronberg, 'quhair we are drinking and driving over in the auld maner,' and his descendant, Queen Matilda, here sighing over the lost peace which was never more to be hers.* The mind is sometimes strangely perverse and wayward, and I often find myself interested in things for reasons sufficiently trivial. For instance, while passing through the fosses and walls which surround this hardy fortress, and while my companions were probably lost in admiration of its stately proportions, I could not help recalling a passage in Spottiswoode the historian, where, speaking of James's winter in this castle, he mentions with complacency there being no such thing as a quarrel between the Scotch and the Danes all the time, a circumstance the more wonderful, says he, 'since it is hard for men to drink, *at which they were continually kept*, long to agree.' After all, Cronberg is only a great quadrangular palace in the centre of a set of ordinary fortifications. The casemates in the walls are usually, however, a subject of curiosity, in consequence of a legend thus related by a native writer:— 'For many ages the din of arms was now and then heard in the vaults beneath the Castle of Cronberg. None knew the cause, and there was not in all the land a man bold enough to descend into the vaults. At last a slave who had forfeited his life was told that his crime should be forgiven if he could bring intelligence of what he found in the vaults. He went down, and came to a large iron door, which opened of itself when he knocked. He found himself in a deep vault. In the centre of the ceiling hung a lamp which was nearly burnt out; and below stood a huge stone-table, round which some steel-clad warriors sat, resting their heads on their arms, which they had laid crossways. He who sat at the head of the table then rose up: it was Holger the Dane [a hero of the fabulous age]. But when he raised his head from the arms, the stone-table burst right in twain, for his beard had grown through it. "Give me thy hand," said he to the slave. The slave durst not give him the hand, but put forth an iron bar, which Holger indented with his fingers. At last he let go his hold, muttering, "It is well! I am glad there are yet men in Denmark!"'† What is curious, there is a similar traditional story in Scotland, referring to a person called the last of the Pechs;‡ and, if I am not mis-

* The sad story of Queen Matilda, who was sister to our George III., is related in full detail in an interesting book recently published, 'Memoirs of Sir Robert Murray Keith,' 2 vols.

† Thiele's Collection of Popular Danish Traditions.

‡ See Popular Rhymes of Scotland, third edition, p. 22.

taken, the Irish have the same legend, varied only as to the person and the locality.

Behind the town, at the base of an ancient sea-bank, lies a plain modern house called Marienlyst (Mary's Delight), which was built for the residence of the late Frederick VI. when crown-prince, and which is surrounded by a garden and pleasure-grounds open at all times to the people of Elsinore. English strangers are taken hither to see 'Hamlet's Garden'—the very scene of that foul murder which the mad-seeming prince studied to avenge; also to muse over a cicerone-made *Hamlet's grave*. I took a ramble here, to enjoy the physical beauties of the place, which are considerable, and to obtain a view of some celebrity from a platform above the house, where we command a long reach of the Sound and of the opposite coast of Sweden. A less hackneyed subject of curiosity is the geological character of the bank behind Marienlyst. It is a terrace of clayey sand extending for miles along the coast, at one uniform height in the fore part of about ninety-six feet above the waters of the Sound, the front descending at the usual angle of a talus of loose matter (38 degrees), to the low plain on which the town is situated. This bank has already attracted the attention of native geologists as a marine formation, the top being understood to have once been the beach of the sea, which had subsequently rolled on the low plain, cutting and carrying away matter from the bank rising above, so as to leave the talus which we now see. What struck me, however, with the greatest interest, was the perfect resemblance of the ground, in all its features and relations, to ancient sea-banks and terraces in Britain, even to the elevation of the terrace above the mean level of the sea—a point from which the Baltic, it will be recollect, scarcely departs.

On the evening of the 1st July I departed from Elsinore in the Gyller steamer, which makes regular weekly voyages between Copenhagen and Christiania, calling at Elsinore and Göttenburg to receive and set down passengers. The accommodations in the vessel are sufficiently comfortable; but the weather proving rough, my actual experiences were anything but agreeable, more particularly as I was here, for the first time, exposed to a near association with one of the most odious habits of the northern nations. I do not like to speak too plainly on such a subject; but it is remarkable, even as a physiological fact, how much salivation goes on amongst some nations as compared with the generality of mankind; and the fact of a neighbour on this occasion effecting a vociferous discharge from his throat about every minute during all the time I was awake, was scarcely less curious than his carelessness about what came of the discharge was disgusting. Early in the morning I came on deck to see the low rocky coasts of Sweden looming through the thick rain and haze. On getting into the arm of the sea which leads up to Göttenburg, I was enabled to observe the rounding of the surface of the whole of the rocks along the shore, and gazed with admiration on a phenomenon, the explanation of which has proved so puzzling. Even here the perfect independence of the effect on any connection with the sea as a cause was apparent, for the smoothed surfaces everywhere descended unbroken below the waves. For a long time nothing was to be seen on land but a tract of undulating rocky ground devoid of all asperities; but at length we began to obtain glimpses of an extensive swampy plain, where the sea terminated in the embouchure of a copious river—the Götha (pronounced *Yutta*) Elv. Here we found seated the thriving mercantile town of Göttenburg. We landed in heavy rain, amidst which we had to make our way on foot to the Götha Kellare (pronounced *Chellara*), the best inn in the place, but one strikingly beneath the character of the town. The whole affair was a most dismal initiation into Sweden; but it was soon made up to me by the welcome which I experienced from a kindhearted schoolfellow and friend settled in the neighbourhood.

Under more agreeable circumstances next day, I became aware that Göttenburg is a regularly-built town of about 30,000 inhabitants, containing a remarkable proportion of good private houses—much permeated by canals, which are crossed by rather hard-favoured stone-bridges—exhibiting on the inland side some beautiful environs, throughout which are scattered many handsome mansions belonging to the most eminent merchants. Göttenburg contains several British mercantile houses, and is very much an English town, unless that my own countrymen may be said more particularly to take the lead in its society. Iron-founding and machine-making, cotton-spinning, sailcloth-making, and sugar-refining, are the chief branches of industry, all of them conducted under the protection of prohibitory duties, the Swedes being willing to buy these articles at high prices from Englishmen who will consent to make them in Sweden, rather than purchase them cheaply in England. Accordingly, several of the Göttenburg firms are understood to be realising incomes in striking disproportion to those common among the natives; one, for instance, having cleared so much as £50,000 in a year; though here, it must be remarked, the result was helped by a patent. These settlers are probably compensating in some degree for their monopolies by the impulse which they give to the indigenous population, noted in all time for the slowness of their movements, and their dislike to adopt new fashions and methods. There is a good, moreover, to be gained from commixtures of the people of two countries, in as far as it tends, by making them acquainted with each other, to extinguish mutual prejudice. As might be expected, some of the manufactures thus forced into prominence in Sweden are conducted under considerable disadvantages as compared with those of England. For example, a cotton manufacturer in Sweden cannot get a supply of his materials equally over the year, all communications being shut up during the seven months of winter. The consequent necessity of laying up a stock to serve through the winter, entailing a greater outlay of capital, is so much against him. On the other hand, he may save in the wages of his labourers. These trades are in the meanwhile prosperous; but I have a strong sense of the precariousness of any prosperity depending on protection, and believe that it would be well for the protégés to consider that the self-sacrificing whim of their Swedish customers may some day give way to an admission of the rational principle—that the cheapest market is, in all circumstances, the best.

At the time of my visit to Göttenburg, one of the leading matters of local interest was the erection of an Exchange upon an unusually handsome scale. I had an opportunity of inspecting the building, when it was all but finished, on my return from the north, and I must say that I have rarely seen any edifice presenting a more elegant interior. There are, besides the Exchange-room on the street-floor, a ball-room and supper-room, also the apartments required for a restaurant and coffee-house up stairs; and the whole are decorated in a style of taste far beyond any similar place in England that I am acquainted with. The outlay, I was told, would be £60,000 sterling; a remarkable sum to be given for such a purpose in so small a town. Verily, I thought, if some of my friends, who speak of Sweden as little better than the Frozen Regions, were to be transported into the midst of the fairy palace here erected in one of its second-rate towns, their ideas about these northern countries could not fail to undergo change. They might turn, it is true, to the hotel, and remark with some bitterness, derived from their own experiences, that Göttenburg, while going a century ahead in an Exchange, was lingering two centuries behind in its accommodations for strangers. I had afterwards some pleasure in looking over the Chalmers School, an institution founded by a Scotch gentleman of that name in order to give young men an education in the mechanical and physical sciences. It is a large establishment, conducted in a most efficient manner, and attended by

abundance of pupils. Here, again, Gottenburg is a-head of many other places of greater pretensions. Mr Keiller's iron-foundry, where 170 people are employed, and where everything seemed in the best order, occupied an hour agreeably. Another was well devoted to Messrs Carnegie and Company's porter brewery at Klippen, a suburb of Gottenburg. The favourite beverage of London is here produced of excellent quality; and I was informed that it is extensively used in Sweden, though it might be more so but for a liquor more recently introduced—Bavarian beer—which is much better adapted to the means of the generality of the people. I likewise paid a visit to Messrs Gibson and Son's establishment at Jönsered, a few miles from town, where, in a charming rural situation, iron-foundry and sailcloth-making are conducted on a large scale, the whole population concerned being about 700. The entire arrangements seemed admirable, but none more so than the general fact of the near and constant association of the people with beautiful natural scenes, in which they could, at their leisure hours, rove without restraint. When a factory can be conducted in such local circumstances, the noted drawbacks usually attending huge agglomerations of labour in a great measure vanish; and one can only wish that so were they all.

* I had now to consider with some friends by what means I should prosecute my designed tour of Sweden and Norway, and much was the cogitation and discussion on this subject before a plan could be determined on. Driving one's self, with as little baggage as possible, in a light carriage called a *carriole*, peculiar to the country, was what my friends advised. Clever, pleasant Mr Enkstrom, the English consul, who entered into the arrangements as if they had been a duty of his post, could not imagine anything better. But I could not see how a middle-aged person, who had never driven a carriage in his life, was to get along with any comfort over the rough roads and through the vast spaces of this northern land, exposed to all weathers, and destitute of all knowledge of the language of the people by whose aid alone could he stir even a step. I therefore expressed my willingness to be somewhat obliging to myself in the way of expense; and it was finally settled that I should have a four-wheeled and hooded carriage for two horses, together with a servant to drive and act as my interpreter or *tolkan*. The former was speedily obtained at a sum equivalent to 1s. 8d. English a day—a plain, old, barkened, battered machine as ever met my eyes, yet warranted to be of great strength, as had been often shown in Norwegian tours heretofore. As to a *tolkan*, the case was more difficult. The man whom all regarded as the *facile princeps* of his class, by name Jacob Carlblom, was absent under an engagement. So were some others. At length a person named Quist was heard of, and brought under examination. He proved to be a fine-looking, robust man of about five-and-thirty, who had been a dragoon in the Swedish army, but was now usually employed about a wine-merchant's establishment. Little English did the honest fellow know, and he had never been far into Norway; yet, all things considered, he seemed far from ineligible. An amiable, simple character shone in his face, and he riveted the favourable opinion which this excited amongst us all by the interest he expressed about the welfare of his wife, and the stipulation he seemed resolved to make that a portion of his wages should be paid to her weekly during his absence. I therefore engaged Quist; nor was there ever occasion to regret doing so, for he justified every favourable anticipation. It was now, then, determined that I should set out on my travels at an early hour next morning, taking the road to Christiania, which is distant 215 English miles from Gottenburg. It was thought that I might reach that city in little more than three days, provided that *forebud* notices were sent on before to warn the station-house keepers to have horses in each instance ready for me. This is a custom peculiar to the north, where the rarity of travellers teaches that it is more economical to force horses

from the farmers when they are wanted, than to have them kept by innkeepers for regular service. There is, therefore, a government regulation compelling the farmers to be ready, when called upon, to furnish horses at a certain rate of remuneration; and equally enforcing that the innkeepers shall, on receipt of warning, or when directly called on by travellers, have horses at their doors within two hours. It is a tyrannical system, to which I never could reconcile myself; but no one is heard complaining of it. On the present occasion, one of my friends procured for me a quantity of blank schedules, and, extending a few, sent them off by post along the road which I was to traverse next day, each being addressed to a special innkeeper. Thus we accomplished the purpose at a comparatively trifling expense. Had the post not been available, it would have been necessary to send a special messenger at a cost equal to half that incurred for the horses themselves.

R. C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

X. Y. Z.

THE following advertisement appeared in several of the London journals in the year 1832:—'If Owen Lloyd, a native of Wales, and who, it is believed, resided for many years in London as clerk in a large mercantile establishment, will forward his present address to X.Y.Z., Post-Office, St Martin's-le-Grand, to be left till called for, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage.'

My attention had been attracted to this notice by its very frequent appearance in the journal which I was chiefly in the habit of reading, and, from professional habits of thinking, I had set it down in my own mind as a *trap* for some offender against the principles of *meum* and *tuum*, whose presence in a criminal court was very earnestly desired. I was confirmed in this conjecture by observing that, in despair of Owen Lloyd's voluntary disclosure of his retreat, a reward of fifty guineas, payable by a respectable solicitor of Lothbury, was ultimately offered to any person who would furnish X. Y. Z. with the missing man's address. 'An old bird,' I mentally exclaimed on perusing this paragraph, 'and not to be caught with chaff; that is evident.' Still more to excite my curiosity, and at the same time bring the matter within the scope of my own particular functions, I found, on taking up the 'Police Gazette,' a reward of thirty guineas offered for the *apprehension* of Owen Lloyd, whose person and manners were minutely described. 'The pursuit grows hot,' thought I, throwing down the paper, and hastening to attend a summons just brought me from the superintendent; 'and if Owen Lloyd is still within the four seas, his chance of escape seems but a poor one.'

On waiting on the superintendent, I was directed to put myself in immediate personal communication with a Mr Smith, the head of an eminent wholesale house in the City.

'In the City!'

'Yes; but your business with Mr Smith is relative to the extensive robbery at his West-end residence a week or two ago. The necessary warrants for the apprehension of the suspected parties have been, I understand, obtained, and on your return will, together with some necessary memoranda, be placed in your hands.'

I at once proceeded to my destination, and on my arrival, was immediately ushered into a dingy back-room, where I was desired to wait till Mr Smith, who was just then busily engaged, could speak to me. Casting my eyes over a table, near which the clerk had placed me a chair, I perceived a newspaper and the 'Police Gazette,' in both of which the advertisements for the discovery of Owen Lloyd were strongly underlined. 'Oh, ho,' thought I; 'Mr Smith, then, is the X. Y. Z. who is so extremely anxious to renew his acquaintance with Mr Owen Lloyd; and I am the honoured individual selected to bring about the desired

interview. Well, it is in my new vocation—one which can scarcely be dispensed with, it seems, in this busy, scheming life of ours.'

Mr Smith did not keep me waiting long. He seemed a hard, shrewd, business man, whose still wiry frame, brisk, active gait and manner, and clear, decisive eye, indicated—though the snows of more than sixty winters had passed over his head—a yet vigorous life, of which the morning and the noon had been spent in the successful pursuit of wealth and its accompaniment—social consideration and influence.

'You have, I suppose, read the advertisements marked on these papers?'

'I have, and of course conclude that you, sir, are X. Y. Z.'

'Of course conclusions,' rejoined Mr Smith with a quite perceptible sneer, 'are usually very silly ones: in this instance especially so. My name, you ought to be aware, is Smith: X. Y. Z., whoever he may be, I expect in a few minutes. In just seventeen minutes,' added the exact man of business; 'for I, by letter, appointed him to meet me here at one o'clock precisely. My motive in seeking an interview with him, it is proper I should tell you, is the probability that he, like myself, is a sufferer by Owen Lloyd, and may not therefore object to defray a fair share of the cost likely to be incurred in unkennelling the delinquent, and prosecuting him to conviction; or, which would be far better, he may be in possession of information that will enable us to obtain completely the clue I already almost grasp. But we must be cautious: X. Y. Z. may be a relative or friend of Lloyd's, and in that case, to possess him of our plans would answer no purpose but to afford him an opportunity of baffling them. Thus much premised, I had better at once proceed to read over to you a few particulars I have jotted down, which, you will perceive, throw light and colour over the suspicions I have been within these few days compelled to entertain. You are doubtless acquainted with the full particulars of the robbery at my residence, Brook Street, last Thursday fortnight?'

'Yes; especially the report of the officers, that the crime must have been committed by persons familiar with the premises and the general habits of the family.'

'Precisely. Now, have you your memorandum-book ready?'

'Quite so.'

'You had better write with ink,' said Mr Smith, pushing an inkstand and pens towards me. 'Important memoranda should never, where there is a possibility of avoiding it, be written in pencil. Friction, thumbing, use of any kind, often partially obliterates them, creating endless confusion and mistakes. Are you ready?'

'Perfectly.'

'Owen Lloyd, a native of Wales, and, it was understood, descended from a highly-respectable family there. About five feet eight; but I need not describe his person over again. Many years with us, first as junior, then as head clerk; during which his conduct, as regards the firm, was exemplary. A man of yielding, irresolute mind—if indeed a person can be said to really possess a mind at all who is always changing it for some other person's—incapable of saying "No" to embarrassing, impoverishing requests—one, in short, Mr. Waters, of that numerous class of individuals whom fools say are nobody's enemies but their own, as if that were possible!—'

'I understand; but I really do not see how this bears upon—'

'The mission you are directed to undertake? I think it does, as you will presently see. Three years ago, Owen Lloyd having involved himself, in consequence of the serious defect of character I have indicated, in large liabilities for pretended friends, left our employment; and to avoid a jail, fled, no one could discover whither. Edward Jones, also a native of the principality, whose description, as well as that of his wife, you will receive from the superintendent, was discharged about seven

years since from our service for misconduct, and went, we understood, to America. He always appeared to possess great influence over the mind of his considerably younger countryman Lloyd. Jones and his wife were seen three evenings since by one of our clerks near Temple Bar. I am of opinion, Mr Waters,' continued Mr Smith, removing his spectacles, and closing the notebook, from which he had been reading, 'that it is only the first step in crime, or criminal imprudence, which feeble-minded men especially long hesitate or boggle at; and I now more than suspect that, pressed by poverty, and very possibly yielding to the persuasions and example of Jones—who, by the way, was as well acquainted with the premises in Brook Street as his fellow-clerk—the once honest, ducile Owen Lloyd, is now a common thief and burglar.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes. A more minute search led to the discovery, the day before yesterday, of a pocket-book behind some book-shelves in the library. As no property had been taken from that room—though the lock of a large iron chest, containing coins and medals, had been evidently tampered with—the search there was not at first very rigorous. That pocket-book—here it is—belonged, I know, to Owen Lloyd when in our service. See, here are his initials stamped on the cover.'

'Might he not have inadvertently left it there when with you?'

'You will scarcely think so after reading the date of the five-pound note of the Hampshire County Bank, which you will find within the inner lining.'

'The date is 1831.'

'Exactly. I have also strong reason for believing that Owen Lloyd is now, or has been lately, residing in some part of Hampshire.'

'That is important.'

'This letter,' continued Mr Smith; and then pausing for a brief space in some embarrassment, he added—'The commissioner informed me, Mr Waters, that you were a person upon whose good sense and discretion, as well as sagacity and courage, every confidence might be placed. I therefore feel less difficulty than I otherwise should in admitting you a little behind the family screen, and entering with you upon matters one would not willingly have bruited in the public ear.'

I bowed, and he presently proceeded.

'Owen Lloyd, I should tell you, is married to a very amiable, superior sort of woman, and has one child, a daughter named Caroline, an elegant, gentle-mannered, beautiful girl I admit, to whom my wife was much attached, and she was consequently a frequent visitor in Brook Street. This I always felt was very imprudent; and the result was, that my son Arthur Smith—only about two years her senior; she was just turned of seventeen when her father was compelled to fly from his creditors—formed a silly, boyish attachment for her. They have since, I gather from this letter, which I found yesterday in Arthur's dressing-room, carried on, at long intervals, a clandestine correspondence, waiting for the advent of more propitious times—which, being interpreted,' added Mr Smith with a sardonic sneer, 'means of course my death and burial.'

'You are in possession, then, if Miss Caroline Lloyd is living with her father, of his precise place of abode?'

'Not exactly. The correspondence is, it seems, carried on without the knowledge of Owen Lloyd; and the girl states in answer, it should seem, to Arthur's inquiries, that her father would never forgive her if, under present circumstances, she disclosed his place of residence—we can now very well understand that—and she intreats Arthur not to persist, at least for the present, in his attempts to discover her. My son, you must understand, is now of age, and so far as fortune is concerned, is, thanks to a legacy from an aunt on his mother's side, independent of me.'

'What post-mark does the letter bear?'

'Charing-Cross. Miss Lloyd states that it will be posted in London by a friend; that friend being, I no-

thing doubt, her father's confederate, Jones. But to us the most important part of the epistle is the following line:—"My father met with a sad accident in the forest some time ago, but is now quite recovered." The words in *the forest* have, you see, been written over, but not so entirely as to prevent their being, with a little trouble, traced. Now, coupling this expression with the Hampshire bank-note, I am of opinion that Lloyd is concealed somewhere in the New Forest.'

"A shrewd guess, at all events."

"You now perceive what weighty motives I have to bring this man to justice. The property carried off I care little comparatively about; but the intercourse between the girl and my son must at any cost be terminated!"

He was interrupted by a clerk, who entered to say that Mr William Lloyd, the gentleman who had advertised as 'X. Y. Z.', desired to speak to him. Mr Smith directed Mr Lloyd to be shown in; and then, snatching up the 'Police Gazette,' and thrusting it into one of the table-drawers, said in a low voice, but marked emphasis, 'A relative, no doubt, by the name: be silent, and be watchful.'

A minute afterwards Mr Lloyd was ushered into the room. He was a thin, emaciated, and apparently sorrow-stricken man, on the wintry side of middle age, but of mild, courteous, gentlemanly speech and manners. He was evidently nervous and agitated, and after a word or two of customary salutation, said hastily, 'I gather from this note, sir, that you can afford me tidings of my long-lost brother Owen: where is he?' He looked eagerly round the apartment, gazed with curious earnestness in my face, and then again turned with tremulous anxiety to Mr Smith. 'Is he dead? Pray do not keep me in suspense.'

'Sit down, sir,' said Mr Smith, pointing to a chair. 'Your brother, Owen Lloyd, was for many years a clerk in this establishment!—'

'Was—was?' interrupted Mr Lloyd with greatly increased agitation: 'not now, then—he has left you?'

'For upwards of three years. A few days ago—pray do not interrupt me—I obtained intelligence of him, which, with such assistance as you may possibly be able to afford, will perhaps suffice to enable this gentleman—pointing to me—to discover his present residence.'

I could not stand the look which Mr Lloyd fixed upon me, and turned hastily away to gaze out of the window, as if attracted by the noise of a squabble between two draymen, which fortunately broke out at the moment in the narrow, choked-up street.

'For what purpose, sir, are you instituting this eager search after my brother? It cannot be that—No, no—he has left you, you say, more than three years: besides, the bare supposition is as wicked as absurd.'

'The truth is, Mr Lloyd,' rejoined Mr Smith after a few moments' reflection, 'there is great danger that my son may disadvantageously connect himself with your—with your brother's family—may, in fact, marry his daughter Caroline. Now I could easily convince Owen!—'

'Caroline!' interjected Mr Lloyd with a tremulous accent, and his dim eyes suffused with tears—'Caroline!—ay, truly *her* daughter would be named Caroline.' An instant after, he added, drawing himself up with an air of pride and some sternness: 'Caroline Lloyd, sir, is a person who, by birth, and, I doubt not, character and attainments, is a fitting match for the son of the proudest merchant of this proud city.'

'Very likely,' rejoined Mr Smith dryly; 'but you must excuse me for saying that, as regards *my* son, it is one which I will at any cost prevent.'

'How am I to know,' observed Mr Lloyd, whose glance of pride had quickly passed away, 'that you are dealing fairly and candidly with me in the matter?'

In reply to this home-thrust, Mr Smith placed the letter addressed by Miss Lloyd to his son in the hands of the questioner, at the same time explaining how he had obtained it.

Mr Lloyd's hands trembled, and his tears fell fast over the letter as he hurriedly perused it. It seemed by his broken, involuntary ejaculations, that old thoughts and memories were deeply stirred within him. 'Poor girl!—so young, so gentle, and so sorely tried! Her mother's very turn of thought and phrase. Owen, too, artless, honourable, just as he was ever, except when the dupe of knaves and villains.'

He seemed buried in thought for some time after the perusal of the letter; and Mr Smith, whose cue it was to avoid exciting suspicion by too great eagerness of speech, was growing fidgety. At length, suddenly looking up, he said in a dejected tone, 'If this is all you have ascertained, we seem as far off as ever. I can afford you no help.'

'I am not sure of that,' replied Mr Smith. 'Let us look calmly at the matter. Your brother is evidently not living in London, and that accounts for your advertisements not being answered.'

'Truly.'

'If you look at the letter attentively, you will perceive that three important words, "in the forest," have been partially erased.'

'Yes, it is indeed so; but what?—'

'Now, is there no particular locality in the country to which your brother would be likely to betake himself in preference to another? Gentlemen of fancy and sentiment,' added Mr Smith, 'usually fall back, I have heard, upon some favourite haunt of early days when pressed by adversity.'

'It is natural they should,' replied Mr Lloyd, heedless of the sneer. 'I have felt that longing for old haunts and old faces in intensest force, even when I was what the world calls prospering in strange lands; and how much more— But no; he would not return to Wales—to Caermarthen—to be looked down upon by those amongst whom our family for so many generations stood equal with the highest. Besides, I have personally sought him there—in vain.'

'But his wife—she is not a native of the principality?'

'No. Ah! I remember. The forest! It must be so! Caroline Heyworth, whom we first met in the Isle of Wight, is a native of Beaulieu, a village in the New Forest, Hampshire. A small, very small property there, bequeathed by an uncle, belonged to her, and perhaps has not been disposed of. How came I not to think of this before? I will set out at once—and yet pressing business requires my stay here for a day or two.'

'This gentleman, Mr Waters, can proceed to Beau-

lieu immediately.'

'That must do then. You will call on me, Mr Waters—here is my address—before you leave town. Thank you. And God bless you, sir,' he added, suddenly seizing Mr Smith's hand, 'for the light you have thrown upon this wearying, and, I feared, hopeless search. You need not be so anxious, sir, to send a special messenger to release your son from his promise of marriage to my niece. None of us, be assured, will be desirous of forcing her upon a reluctant family.' He then bowed, and withdrew.

'Mr Waters,' said Mr Smith with a good deal of sternness, as soon as we were alone, 'I expect that no sentimental crotchet will prevent your doing your duty in this matter?'

'What right, I answered with some heat, 'have you, sir, to make such an insinuation?'

'Because I perceived, by your manner, that you disapproved my questioning Mr Lloyd as to the likeliest mode of securing his brother.'

'My manner but interpreted my thoughts: still, sir, I know what belongs to my duty, and shall perform it.'

'Enough: I have nothing more to say.'

I drew on my gloves, took up my hat, and was leaving the room, when Mr Smith exclaimed, 'Stay one moment, Mr Waters: you see that my great object is to break off the connection between my son and Miss Lloyd?'

'I do.'

'I am not anxious, you will remember, to press the prosecution *if, by a frank written confession of his guilt*, Owen Lloyd places an insuperable bar between his child and mine. You understand?'

'Perfectly. But permit me to observe, that the *duty* you just now hinted I might hesitate to perform, will not permit me to be a party to any such transaction. Good-day.'

I waited on Mr William Lloyd soon afterwards, and listened with painful interest to the brief history which he, with childlike simplicity, narrated of his own and brother's fortunes. It was a sad, oft-told tale. They had been early left orphans; and deprived of judicious guidance, had run—William more especially—a wild career of dissipation, till *all* was gone. Just before the crash came, they had both fallen in love with the same woman, Caroline Heyworth, who had preferred the meeker, more gentle-hearted Owen, to his elder brother. They parted in anger. William obtained a situation as bailiff and overseer of an estate in Jamaica, where, by many years of toil, good fortune, and economy, he at length ruined his health and restored his fortunes; and was now returned to die rich in his native country; and, as he had till an hour before feared, unlamented and untended save by hirelings. I promised to write immediately I had seen his brother; and with a sorrowful heart took leave of the vainly-rejoicing, prematurely-aged man.

I arrived at Southampton by the night-coach—the railway was but just begun, I remember—and was informed that the best mode of reaching Beaulieu—Bewley, they pronounced it—was by crossing the Southampton river to the village of Hythe, which was but a few miles distance from Beaulieu. As soon as I had breakfasted, I hastened to the quay, and was soon speeding across the tranquil waters in one of the sharp-stemmed wherries which plied constantly between the shores. My attention was soon arrested by two figures in the stern of the boat, a man and woman. A slight examination of their features sufficed to convince me that they were Jones and his wife. They evidently entertained no suspicion of pursuit; and as I heard them tell the boatmen they were going on to *Bewley*, I determined for the present not to disturb their fancied security. It was fortunate I did so. As soon as we had landed, they passed into a mean-looking dwelling, which, from some nets, and a boat under repair, in a small yard in front of it, I concluded to be a fisherman's. As no vehicle could be readily procured, I determined on walking on, and easily reached Beaulieu, which is charmingly situated just within the skirts of the New Forest, about twelve o'clock. After partaking of a slight repast at the principal inn of the place—I forgot its name; but it was, I remember, within a stone's-throw of the celebrated Beaulieu Abbey ruins—I easily contrived, by a few careless, indirect questions, to elicit all the information I required of the loquacious waiting-maid. Mr Lloyd, who seemed to bear an excellent character, lived, I was informed, at a cottage about half a mile distant from the inn, and chiefly supported himself as a measurer of timber—beech and ash: a small stock—the oak was reserved for government purposes—he usually kept on hand. Miss Caroline, the girl said, did beautiful fancy-work; and a group of flowers painted by her, as natural as life, was framed and glazed in the bar, if I would like to see it. Upon the right track sure enough! Mr Lloyd, there could be no longer a doubt, had unconsciously betrayed his unfortunate, guilty brother into the hands of justice, and I, an agent of the iron law, was already upon the threshold of his hiding-place! I felt no pleasure at the success of the scheme. To have bravely and honestly stood up against an adverse fate for so many years, only to fall into crime just as fortune had grown weary of persecuting him, and a long-estranged brother had returned to raise him and his to their former position in society, was melancholy indeed! And the young woman too, whose letter

breathed so pure, so gentle, so patient a spirit!—it would not bear thinking about—and I resolutely strove to look upon the affair as one of everyday routine. It would not, do, however; and I was about to quit the room in no very enviable frame of mind, when my boat companions, Mr and Mrs Jones, entered, and seated themselves at one of the tables. The apartment was rather a large one, and as I was seated in the corner of a box at some distance from the entrance, they did not at first observe me; and several words caught my ear which awakened a strong desire to hear more. That I might do so, I instantly adopted a very common, but not the less often very successful device. As soon as the new-comers perceived me, their whispered colloquy stopped abruptly; and after a minute or so, the man said, looking hard at me, 'Good-day, sir; you have had rather a long walk?' and he glanced at my dusty boots.

'Sir,' I replied, enclosing my left ear with my hand in the manner of a natural ear-trumpet, 'did you speak?'

'A dusty walk,' he rejoined in a voice that might have been heard in a hurricane or across Fleet Street.

'One o'clock!' I replied, pulling out my watch. 'No: it wants a quarter yet.'

'Deaf as the Monument,' said Jones to his companion. 'All right.'

The suspended dialogue was but partially resumed.

'Do you think,' said the woman, after the lapse of about five minutes—'do you think Owen and his family will go with us? I hope not.'

'Not he: I only asked him just for the say-so of the thing. He is too chicken-hearted for that, or for anything else that requires pluck.'

Finishing the spirits and water they had ordered, they soon afterwards went out. I followed.

As soon as we had gone about a hundred paces from the house, I said, 'Pray can you tell me which is Mr Lloyd the beech-merchant's house?'

'Yes,' replied the man, taking hold of my arm, and hallooing into my ear with a power sufficient to really deafen one for life: 'we are going there to dine.'

I nodded comprehension, and on we journeyed. We were met at the door by Owen Lloyd himself—a man in whose countenance guilelessness, even to simplicity, seemed stamped by nature's own true hand. So much, thought I, for the reliance to be placed on physiognomy! 'I have brought you a customer,' said Mr Jones; 'but he is as deaf as a stone.' I was courteously invited in by signs; and with much hallooing and shouting, it was finally settled that, after dinner, I should look over Mr Lloyd's stock of wood. Dinner had just been placed on the table by Mrs Lloyd and her daughter. A still very comely, interesting woman was Mrs Lloyd, though time and sorrow had long since set their unmistakable seals upon her. Her daughter was, I thought, one of the most charming, graceful young women I had ever seen, spite of the tinge of sadness which dwelt upon her sweet face, deepening its interest; if it somewhat diminished its beauty. My heart ached to think of the misery the announcement of my errand must presently bring on such gentle beings—innocent, I felt confident, even of the knowledge of the crime that had been committed. I dreaded to begin—not, Heaven knows, from any fear of the men, who, compared with me, were poor, feeble creatures, and I could easily have mastered half-a-dozen such; but the females—that young girl especially—how encounter *their* despair? I mutely declined dinner, but accepted a glass of ale, and sat down till I could muster sufficient resolution for the performance of my task; for I felt this was an opportunity of quietly effecting the capture of both the suspected criminals which *must* not be neglected.

Dinner was just over when Mrs Lloyd said, 'Oh, Mr Jones, have you seen anything of my husband's pocket-book? It was on a shelf in the room where you slept—not the last time, but when you were here about three

weeks ago. We can find it nowhere; and I thought you might possibly have taken it by mistake.'

'A black, common-looking thing?' said Jones.

'Yes.'

'I did take it by mistake. I found it in one of my parcels, and put it in my pocket, intending of course to return it when I came back; but I remember, when wanting to open a lock of which I had lost the key, taking it out to see if it contained a pencil-case which I thought might answer the purpose; and finding none, tossing it away in a pet, I could not afterwards find it.'

'Then it is lost?'

'Yes; but what of that? There was nothing in it.'

'You are mistaken,' rejoined Owen; 'there was a five-pound country note in it, and the loss will— What is the matter, friend?'

I had sprung upon my feet with uncontrollable emotion: Mr Lloyd's observation recalled me to myself, and I sat down again, muttering something about a sudden pain in the side.

'Oh, if that's the case,' said Jones, 'I'll make it up willingly. I am pretty rich, you know, just now.'

'We shall be much obliged to you,' said Mrs Lloyd; 'its loss would be a sad blow to us.'

'How came you to send those heavy boxes here, Jones?' said Owen Lloyd. 'Would it not have been better to have sent them direct to Portsmouth, where the vessel calls?'

'I had not quite made up my mind to return to America then; and I knew they would be safer here than anywhere else.'

'When do you mean to take them away? We are so badly off for room, that they terribly hamper us.'

'This evening, about nine o'clock. I have hired a smack at Hythe to take us, bag and baggage, down the river to meet the liner which calls off Portsmouth to-morrow. I wish we could persuade you to go with us.'

'Thank you, Jones,' replied Owen in a dejected tone. 'I have very little to hope for here; still my heart clings to the old country.'

I had heard enough; and hastily rising, intimated a wish to look at the timber at once. Mr Lloyd immediately rose, and Jones and his wife left the cottage to return to Hythe at the same time that we did. I marked a few pieces of timber, and promising to send for them in the morning, hastened away.

A mountain seemed removed from off my breast: I felt as if I had achieved a great personal deliverance. Truly a wonderful interposition of Providence, I thought, that has so signally averted the fatal consequences likely to have resulted from the thoughtless imprudence of Owen Lloyd, in allowing his house to be made, however innocently, a receptacle for stolen goods, at the solicitations, too, of a man whose character he knew to be none of the purest. He had had a narrow escape, and might with perfect truth exclaim—

'There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.'

The warrants of which I was the bearer the London police authorities had taken care to get indorsed by a magistrate of the county of Hampshire, who happened to be in London, so that I found no difficulty in arranging effectually for the capture and safe custody of Jones and his assistants when he came to fetch his booty.

I had just returned to the Beaulieu inn, after completing my arrangements, when a carriage drove furiously up to the door, and who should, to my utter astonishment, alight, but Mr William Lloyd, and Messrs Smith, father and son. I hastened out, and briefly enjoining caution and silence, begged them to step with me into a private room. The agitation of Mr Lloyd and of Mr Arthur Smith was extreme, but Mr Smith appeared cold and impassive as ever. I soon ascertained that Arthur Smith, by his mother's assistance, I suspect, had early penetrated his father's schemes and secrets, and had, in consequence, caused Mr William

Lloyd to be watched home, with whom, immediately after I had left, he had a long conference. Later in the evening an *éclaircissement* with the father took place; and after a long and stormy discussion, it was resolved that all three should the next morning post down to Beaulieu, and act as circumstances might suggest. My story was soon told. It was received of course with unbounded joy by the brother and the lover; and even through the father's apparent indifference I could perceive that his refusal to participate in the general joy would not be of long duration. The large fortune which Mr William Lloyd intimated his intention to bestow upon his niece was a new and softening element in the affair.

Mr Smith, senior, ordered his dinner; and Mr Lloyd and Arthur Smith—but why need I attempt to relate what they did? I only know that when, a long time afterwards, I ventured to look in at Mr Owen Lloyd's cottage, all the five inmates—brother, uncle, lover, niece, and wife—were talking, laughing, weeping, smiling, like distracted creatures, and seemed utterly incapable of reasonable discourse. An hour after that, as I stood screened by a belt of forest-trees in wait for Mr Jones and company, I noticed, as they all strolled past me in the clear moonlight, that the tears, the agitation had passed away, leaving only smiles and grateful joy on the glad faces so lately clouded by anxiety and sorrow. A mighty change in so brief a space!

Mr Jones arrived with his cart and helpers in due time. A man who sometimes assisted in the timber-yard was deputed, with an apology for the absence of Mr Lloyd, to deliver the goods. The boxes, full of plate and other valuables, were soon hoisted in, and the cart moved off. I let it proceed about a mile, and then, with the help I had placed in readiness, easily secured the astounded burglar and his assistants; and early the next morning Jones was on his road to London. He was tried at the ensuing Old-Bailey sessions, convicted, and transported for life; and the discretion I had exercised in not executing the warrant against Owen Lloyd was decidedly approved of by the authorities.

It was about two months after my first interview with Mr Smith that, on returning home one evening, my wife placed before me a piece of bride-cake, and two beautifully-engraved cards united with white satin ribbon, bearing the names of Mr and Mrs Arthur Smith. I was more gratified by this little act of courtesy for Emily's sake, as those who have temporarily fallen from a certain position in society will easily understand, than I should have been by the costliest present. The service I had rendered was purely accidental: it has nevertheless been always kindly remembered by all parties whom it so critically served.

R U I N S.

EVERYTHING is mutable, everything is perishable around us. The forms of nature and the works of art alike crumble away; and amid the gigantic forms that surround it, the soul of man is alone immortal. Knowledge itself ebbs and flows like the changing sea, and art has become extinct in regions where it earliest flourished. Kingdoms that once gave law to the nations, figure no more in the world's history, leaving nothing but a name, and Ruins.

Most of the ruins of the ancient world are remarkable as monuments of a political element now happily extinct. They are emblems of that despotic rule which, in the early history of mankind, was well-nigh universal; which delighted in rearing immense structures, like the Pyramids, of little utility, but requiring an enormous expenditure of labour; and contrasted with the capriciousness and violence of which, the most arbitrary of modern governments is liberty itself. But such ruins not only teach us to be grateful to Heaven for the blessings of political freedom, but reveal to us glimpses of a past which, but for them, would remain veiled in obscurity.

By a right use of them we discover, more or less perfectly, the history and the customs of races long dead. Buried Herculaneum, once more given back to the sunbeams, reveals to us the domestic life of ancient Rome; the hieroglyphics of Egypt, the paintings and sculptures of Nineveh, tell us stories of their kings, and show us symbols of their splendour. What geology is to us in relation to the early earth, such are ruins in regard to its human habitants; they are their history in stone.

There is a peculiar grandeur and impressiveness in the ruins which date from the era of the old universal monarchies. So many centuries have rolled away since then, conquest and desolation have so often swept over their territories, and tyranny so decimated their inhabitants, that among them Decay assumes a grander form than elsewhere in the world. It is not single edifices dilapidated that meet our view, but whole cities desolate—whole cities so crumbled into dust, that the very sites of some of the greatest of ancient capitals have slipped from the world's memory. Egypt, Greece, Persia, the Assyrian realm, are great names, once filling earth with their glory, now all but obliterated from the roll of nations. We enter the regions where once sat those old Queens of the East, and look for some reflection of former greatness still lingering on the brows of the inhabitants. We look in vain. Cities are mean; poverty is everywhere; man is degraded, nature half desolate, and the testimony of our senses makes us sceptical as to the truth of history. But search yet further, and lo! silent and inanimate witnesses for the dead rise around. Amid the solitude and the desert, pillar and obelisk, palace and temple, cities immense even in their rains, mark how the barren sands were once a garden, and the solitude was peopled by busy myriads. Those shattered colonnades, those fallen capitals and mutilated statues, once rose above the dwellings of Hundred-gated Thebes; those mounds of rubbish, now shunned even by the wild Bedouin, cover the wondrous relics of Nineveh; those silent mountains that look down on the lone, ruin-covered plain of Merducht, once echoed back the shouts of royal Persepolis. Ruins are the voice of past ages chiding the present for its degeneracy. They are like sea-weare on the shore at low water, marking how high the tide of civilisation once rose.

When we consider the remote period at which such edifices were constructed, we are at first surprised by two qualities which they exhibit, sometimes united, sometimes apart—magnitude and beauty. Magnitude always exerts a great influence on the senses; and without seeking to explain how such an effect is produced, it is evident from history that an admiration of the colossal is especially characteristic of the human mind in the early stages of its development. Accordingly, and perhaps also from a recollection of gigantic works before the Flood, the first undertaking of the united race of Postdiluvians was the vastly-imagined Tower of Babel. The first family of man in Europe—the Pelagi—mute and inglorious in everything else, have left samples of an enormous architecture, whose ruins to this day exist under the title of Cyclopean. This peculiarity is not confined to the shores of the Mediterranean. In the remote East, and in the long undiscovered regions of the West, in Ceylon and in Mexico, the aboriginal races have left their sole memorials in similar masses of masonry. With them size seems to have been everything; it was magnitude which then fascinated the imagination. Even when men are well advanced in civilisation, the same spirit is perceptible among them, and a love of exaggeration, the frequent use of hyperbole, characterises the early literature of all nations.

From the exquisite beauty of much of the architecture, poetry, and sculpture that have come down to us from antiquity, the singular fact is apparent, that the fine arts reached perfection at a time when those conducive to the material comforts were still in infancy. In those days the race of man was yet young; and youth in the species, as in the individual, is the season of the Beautiful. It was a lively love and susceptibility to the charms of nature that peopled the woods and waters, the sunny skies and the sparkling sea, with deities in sympathy with man—that saw in the rainbow a messenger from heaven to earth, and in the thunder of the tempest the wrath of the Most High. The vague ever excites interest; and the mysterious phenomena of nature contributed to fix their attention on her aspects, and consequently on her beauties. Cœlum and Terra, heaven and earth—in one word, Nature was the great goddess of paganism. She was the great parent of their Pantheon—from her all other gods drew birth; they were personifications of her powers, and, till the days of the Greeks, it was under forms of her that they were worshipped. This susceptibility to beauty in nature was the parent of the beautiful in art. In stone, in bronze, on the canvas, they strove to reproduce the perfection of form that they beheld in select nature—to attain the same harmony of parts—and thus to awaken in the beholder corresponding emotions of pleasure. Thus art, in different countries, varied with the aspects of nature. The monotonous vastness and horizontal lines of the scenery of Egypt, find a counterpart in the heavy and monotonous grandeur of its temples; and the unhandsome features of its inhabitants, in the half-Negro faces of its gods. In Greece, on the other hand, the variety in its architecture corresponds with the varied aspects of the country; and its exquisite sculpture is but a reflection of the noble lineaments of the people. The showy prettiness of Chinese decoration is typical of the Flowery Realm; and from the exuberance of animal life in Central Asia, springs the profusion of animal forms in the sculpture and architecture of India, Persia, and Assyria.

External circumstances also then fostered genius in architecture. Splendour was the glory of the kings of those days—partly from taste, but not less so from necessity. The moral faculties of their subjects were too weak to be alone regarded: their senses had to be appealed to. As, during the Heroic Age, the king distinguished himself from his army by his valour in the field, so, during peace, he had to distinguish himself from his subjects by his magnificence. The royal mansion, constructed of enduring granite or shining marble, represented the visibility of power; and the people felt that they could as soon shake the globe as overturn the lord of so much might: hence the palaces of Persia. Religion, too, availed herself of like means of impressing the unspiritual mind of the people; while superstition imagined that the gods were pleased by the splendour of the temples reared for their worship. Hence the stupendous temples of Luxor and Carnac, with their huge ornamented propylæ, and far-stretching avenues of pillars and sphinxes—and the countless other sacred structures of Egypt, whose very ruins have all but perished: hence, too, the rock-temples of Ellora and Elephanta, where the labour of the worshippers has hollowed out of the mountain rock a mansion for their deity, and has sculptured its sides with groups from Hindoo mythology. Even in the New World traces of a similar spirit are to be found; and doubtless the vast ruins recently discovered in Yucatan were designed to magnify the worship of the great sun-god of the ancient Indians.

The noblest source from which architecture can proceed was pre-eminently exhibited in the republics of Greece. The exalted race that peopled that favoured land had passed the stage of intellectual development in which magnitude is the chief object of admiration; and among them the great object of desire was beauty, and their chief characteristic was the love of the beautiful. Among them Despotism was not seen building palaces to exhibit its own glory; it was a people gratifying an elevating passion, and, while doing so, voluntarily adding majesty

to the state. Simple and unostentatious in their private dwellings, they lavished genius and splendour in the construction of their public buildings; for the state was but a concentration of themselves, and in its glory they felt they were all partakers. Nevertheless they desired beauty more for itself than for its concomitant splendour; and even in religion they were less worshippers of heaven than adorers of the beautiful. It is the loftiest of delights to say to the beautiful—'I am thy Maker!' and when kneeling before the matchless statues of their gods, the Greeks rather gloried in them as divine creations of their genius, than humbled themselves before them as emblems of their deities. Favoured by blood and climate, by the character of their country, and the advent to its shores of all the knowledge of the old East—the Greeks had a noble career before them; and well did they fulfil their destiny. Genius and power have long departed from the descendants of that lordly race; but mankind still flock to the Hellenic strand to gaze on the divine relics of the past. The sun of Greece has long set—but the land is still radiant with her ruins.

Egypt—that land of silence and mystery—as if to compensate for its total deficiency of written records, has left the greatest number of ruins. From the mouth of the Nile to above the Cataracts, relics of former magnificence stretch away to the borders of the Desert; and even amid the now sandy wastes we stumble at times upon a ruin lordly even in its decay. It tells us the oft-told tale of the triumph of Time. We gaze on the ruin, and see in it a broken purpose—and the strain of our meditations is sad. We think of the mighty monarch its founder—proud of his power, and eager to use it; yet conscious of his evanescence, and resolved to triumph over decay ere it triumphed over him—dreading the forgetfulness of human hearts, and resolving to commit his glory to things less noble, but less perishable than they, and to make the silent marble eloquent with his praise. Those porphyry blocks have come from the far-off Nubian mountains, and earth must have groaned for leagues beneath their weight; the carving of those friezes, and the sculpture of those statues, must have been the labour of years. Alas for the captive and the slave! Hundreds have toiled and sunk on the plain around us—till the royal pile became a cenotaph to slaves. That vase-shaped capital, half imbedded in the sand, has been soiled with the sweat, perhaps dabbled with the blood, of poor goaded beings; and the sound of the lash and the groan of the victim have echoed in halls where splendour and gaiety were thenceforth to dwell. But long centuries have passed since then; and now indignation does not break the calm of melancholy with which we gaze on the broken emblems of departed power. The structure which was to exhibit the glory and resources of a monarch lies shattered and crumbling in fragments; and the lotos-leaf, which everywhere appears on the ruins, is an emblem of the oblivion that shrouds the name of the founder.

But many a ruin that still 'enchants the world' awakens other reflections than on the fall of power. It may be a concentrated history of its architect—it may be the embodiment of the long dream that made up his life. From the inspired moment when first its ideal form filled his mental eye, in fancy we see it haunting his reveries like the memory of a beautiful dream. In sorrow it has come like an angel to gladden his lonely hours; and though adversity crush his spirit, he still clings like a lover to the dream of the soul. At length the object of his life is accomplished; and the edifice, awful in its vastness, yet enchanting in its beauty, stands in the light of day complete. To behold beauty in mental vision is a joy—but to place it before the eyes of men, and see them bow in admiration and love, and to know that it will live in their memories and hearts, elevating and gladdening, and begetting fair shapes kindred to its own—this is joy and triumph. The object which thousands are praising, and which will be the delight and glory of future ages, is his child—it is a part of himself. And yet now it has perished: the hand of man or of Time has struck it to earth. It is a broken idol—and we half feel the anguish at its fall which death has long ago spared its worshipper.

The joy, the inspiration of a lifetime—the creature and yet the idol of genius—lies shattered on the sand; and the wild palm-tree rises green and graceful above its remains. In this we behold the moral of ruins—it is Nature triumphing over Art.

A GOVERNESS'S RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

A NUMBER of years ago, when I was somewhat less fastidious in entering into an engagement than I have latterly become, I was induced to go to Ireland, to take charge of four young ladies in a gentleman's family. It was going a terribly long way from home, and that was an unpleasant circumstance to contemplate; but everybody told me that I should be so very kindly treated, that I did not long hesitate; and so accordingly behold me, in the first place, crossing the sea in a steamer to Dublin, and afterwards driving southwards inside the mail-coach, my spirits wonderfully up with the novelty of the scenery, and the beautiful weather, which seemed to welcome me to 'the first gen' of the ocean.'

I do not wish to tell the name of the town to which I was bound, and need only say that it was a seaport, with some pretty environs, embellished with gentlemen's seats and pleasure-grounds. In one of these seats, a large and handsome mansion, surrounded by a park, and approached by an 'elegant' avenue, I was to take up my residence. 'A very pleasant affair I expect this is going to be,' said I to myself, as I was driven up to the door of the hall in a jaunting-car, which had been in attendance for me at the coach-office. 'Nice, kind people, for having been so considerate—and what a good-looking establishment—as aristocratic as anybody could wish!'

The Tolmies, as I shall call the family—of course using a fictitious appellation—were really a most agreeable set of people. The head of the house was much superior in station and character to a squireen. He possessed considerable property, had been in parliament, and was a man of respectable acquirements, with exceedingly accomplished manners. His lady had been a reigning beauty in her youth, and was still a person of fine appearance, though she seemed to have retired in a great measure from the world of fashion. She dressed highly, and occupied herself a good deal in doing nothing. With regard to her daughters, who were to be my pupils, they were obliging, light-hearted, and pretty. I liked them at first sight; nor did subsequent experience make any sensible alteration on this feeling.

The range of my duties was soon arranged. French, music, and drawing were to be the principal lessons; and to work we set in the best possible spirits. I must say, however, that a chill began to creep over me when I had time to look about me. Inside and outside the mansion there was a curious mixture of the genteel with the shabby. There seemed to be no exact perception of what was due to comfort, not to speak of respectability. Several panes of glass were broken, and not one of them was restored during my stay. Sometimes they were open, the holes admitting rain and wind, and sometimes they were stopped with anything that could be readily laid hold of. The glazier was always to be sent for; but this proved only a figure of speech.

My own room contrasted unpleasantly with, what till this time, I had been in the custom of thinking indispensable. On the night after my arrival I wished to fasten the door of my room, but found that it had no lock, and I was obliged to keep it shut by means of a piece of furniture. This did not more disconcert me than the discovery next morning that the room had no bell. I wanted a little hot water; but how was I to make myself heard? In vain I called from the top of the staircase; nobody came. At length I recollect that there was a bell at the hall door; so, throwing on a cloak, I descended to the lower regions, and tolled the entrance-bell. Great was the commotion at so unusual a sound at this early hour, and servants were soon on the spot wondering at the summons. The required hot water was brought to me in a broken china jug.

A day or two afterwards, on going into my apartment,

I was not a little astonished at observing that the house-maid had been using my toilet-apparatus, and was, at the very moment of my entrance, wiping her face with my only towel.

'Judy,' said I, 'that is taking too much liberty, I must say. Go fetch to me a clean towel at anyrate.'

'A clean towel, did you say, miss? Why, this one is not a bit the worse o' me; for, you see, I washed my face afore I touched it.'

'I don't care,' I replied, 'I must have a fresh one, so be so good as to bring it.'

'Sure!' exclaimed Judy, 'how can I do that, when there is only one for each of us?'

'Do you mean to tell me that there is only one towel for each room in the house?'

'Indeed I do, miss, and plenty; for we always washes them on Saturday night, and dries them too; and in that way everybody has a clean one on Sunday.'

Finding from one of the young ladies that this was really the case, I could say no more on the subject. The next three days I dried my face with one of my cambric handkerchiefs.

If the stock of linen was rather scanty, it was not more so than the bed furniture and some other articles usually considered to be essential to comfort. For each bed in the house but one blanket could be produced, no matter how cold was the weather; and I certainly should have perished, if I had not taken the precaution of heaping my cloak and other articles on my bed every night on retiring to rest. How my young ladies managed I could not tell. Though well provided with frocks and other outside attire, they were desperately ill off for those articles which form the understratum of female apparel. Yet they were unconscious of their deficiencies, and as happy and gay as if they had possessed a draper's whole establishment.

The family had no lack of servants. There was a coachman, butler, lady's-maid, and several house and kitchen-maids. I never clearly understood the number of these female domestics. On the two or three occasions that I entered the kitchen, there were always some women sitting round the fire engaged in solemn conclave. One was pretty sure to be smoking a black stumpy pipe, while the others were warming their hands, and talking on some important piece of business. Such, I fancy, were the hangers-on of the family. They would go an errand at a pinch, or do any other odd job when required, for which, of course, they enjoyed the loose hospitality of the Tolmies—a true Irish family, always kind to the poor; God bless them!

One morning at breakfast Mr Tolmie kindly suggested that the young ladies and I should have a holiday. 'There is to be some boat-racing to-day down at the town,' said he, 'and you will all go and see it. My brother, the colonel, will be there, and pay you all proper attentions. So just take the car, and make a day of it. But don't forget the large umbrella; for you may perhaps have a shower before you reach home again.'

The offer was thankfully accepted, and we went off in the car, Reilly the coachman driving us, and not forgetting the umbrella. We spent a very pleasant day; and the colonel, to do him justice, proved a most valuable cavalier. However, when the period for our return arrived, there was no Reilly to be found. After a world of searching, the faithless driver was discovered, not in the best balanced condition. That, however, is nothing to an Irishman, who can drive as well drunk as sober; so we got away in the car, not more than an hour behind our time. When we had proceeded several miles on our way homewards, we discovered that the large umbrella was gone.

'Reilly,' said I, 'where is the umbrella?' Reilly answered not a word, but drove on furiously. I could not get him to speak; and as my questions only caused him to drive with more frantic speed, I was fain to desist. When we reached the hall, we communicated the loss to Mr Tolmie, who did not express any anger on the occasion. 'Be quite easy about the umbrella, my dears,' said he, 'for it will be quite safe. Reilly has only pledged

it for whisky, and we shall soon recover it.' Next morning Reilly received an advance on his wages; and the whole day was spent by him in bringing back the umbrella.

I mention this trifling circumstance only to show the want of exact management both in master and man. Everything was done in a loose sort of way, as if it were a matter of indifference how matters went. After a windy night, we were sure to see the ground around the house littered with lime and broken slates; but I never saw the damages repaired. 'Everything would do well enough, thank God!' Such was the consoling philosophy of these curious people. As long as the house hung together, and an outward appearance of gentility was maintained, there was little regard for substantials. Often we had very poor fare; but there was a tolerable show of plate; and if clean glasses were sometimes wanting, there were at least not bad wines, for those who liked to partake of these liquors.

I walked daily in the grounds with my young charges; and occasionally, to amuse ourselves, we visited the cottages of the humbler class of persons on the property. Mr Tolmie, who had been in England, where he admired the houses of the peasantry, was rather anxious to introduce the practice of keeping neatly-whitewashed cottages, and he gave strict orders accordingly. His injunctions in this respect were pretty generally obeyed; but unfortunately the whitewashing was all on the outside. While the exterior was white and smart, the interior—all within the doorway—was black, damp, and dirty. One of the cleanest-looking cottages was the lodge at the gate, inhabited by Larry the forester and his wife. In driving into the grounds, you would have said, 'There is a comfortable little dwelling—it speaks well for the proprietor.' Had you entered the cottage, how your feelings of gratification would have been dispelled! The truth was, that the interior possessed scarcely any furniture. The bed was a parcel of straw, hemmed in by a deal on the floor; the whole cooking apparatus was an iron pot; and a bottle, one or two pieces of earthenware, three wooden stools, and a deal-table, may be said to make up the entire list of household articles. Breakfast, dinner, and supper consisted of a pot of potatoes emptied on the table. Dishes at meals were out of the question, and so were knives, forks, or spoons.

Well, this family of husband and wife was one morning augmented by the arrival of a baby, for which, as I learned in the course of the day, little or no preparation in the way of apparel had been made, and the little stranger was accordingly clothed with such scraps of dress as the young ladies and I could gather together at a short notice—all which was declared to do beautifully, 'thank God.' The second or third morning afterwards, dreadful news was brought respecting baby: it had been attacked by a rat in the night-time, and very much bitten about the forehead. But the 'ugly thief' had been scared away before he actually killed the infant, which was considered a 'lucky escape, thank God for it.' In spite of this untoward disaster, the child thrived apace; and with never shirt to its back, grew up as healthy, and plump, and happy as any of its unsophisticated ancestors.

The gleam of joy which the arrival of baby had given to Larry's cottage was destined to be of short duration. Larry, poor man, had been for some time suffering under what he called a 'bad cold,' but which I apprehended was a bronchial affection, aggravated by want of medical care. At all events, from bad to worse, and when nobody was expecting such a melancholy event, Larry died. His wife did not discover her misfortune till she found in the middle of the night that her husband was lifeless, or in a swoon. Frantically, as we afterwards learned, she drew the body from the bed, laid it before the expiring embers of the fire—possibly with the view of catching a little warmth—and then went to alarm the neighbours. The first female acquaintance who arrived in the cottage was Alley Doyle. All was pitch-dark, and as Alley was hastening through the apartment to the bed where she supposed the dead or dying man lay, she stumbled, and fell over the corpse; and before she could recover herself,

others tumbled in, and increased the heap on the floor. The yelling and struggling which ensued I leave to the imagination of the reader! Not till lights were brought was the full extent of the catastrophe learned in all its grotesque horrors.

When it was discovered that Larry was dead beyond recall, his body was laid out on the top of the table; candles were placed according to custom; and forms being brought in, all sat down, and began a regular course of wailing, which lasted till the morning; and even then the uproar did not subside. On looking into the cottage in the forenoon, I was surprised to see, in broad daylight, four candles burning within, and all the shutters closed. The air of the house was hot and stifling from the number of breaths. Around the apartment sat the mourners, muffled up in blue-cloth cloaks; and nothing was heard but one monotonous chant, again and again repeated—“Sure he is not dead; for if I thought he was dead, I would go distracted now!” By this time Larry was in his coffin; but still on the table, and his face uncovered.

This miserable scene, so characteristic of Irish habits and feelings, continued till next day at twelve o'clock, when, by Mr Tolmie's orders, a hearse and cars were at the gate to carry the body of the deceased to the grave. Being anxious to witness the departure, but not wishing to intrude, I stood at a respectful distance from the cottage. This was likely, however, to prove rather a tiresome affair. One o'clock came—two o'clock came—and yet the funeral did not lift or move off. The lid of the coffin stood at the door, as if it were going to be a fixture. Astonished at the delay, I ventured forward to ask the reason. Nobody could tell, although hundreds of people were waiting.

“Where is the undertaker?” I inquired.

“There is none,” was the reply.

“Then who has charge of the funeral?” I again inquired of a person who seemed to be chief mourner.

“Nobody,” said he.

“In that case,” I observed, “I think it would be proper for you and the others to get the lid put on the coffin, and go away as soon as possible; for it is getting late, and there is a long way to go.”

“Ah, miss,” said the man, as if clinging to the semblance of authority, “I wish you would give the orders, and we would all do your bidding, and be thankful.”

Thus encouraged to take the upper hand, I requested some of the bystanders to follow me into the cottage, to fix down the lid on the coffin, and bear it to the hearse. All was done according to my orders; but such a scene I shall never forget—the widow dismally wailing when she saw the coffin borne off; the candles, with their long unsnuffed wicks, melting in their sockets from the heat; and the haggard faces of the mourners, worn out with their vigils. At my request all left the cottage; and in five minutes the mournful procession moved off.

It is customary in Ireland for women to accompany funerals to the grave; but on this occasion I endeavoured to dissuade the poor widow, exhausted by hunger, grief, and watching, from going in the procession. At this impious proposal I was beset by two viragos, who brandished their fists in my face, and dared me to prevent a woman from looking after her husband's corpse. I said that I had no objection to her going, further than that she was evidently unfit for the journey, and had not a farthing to buy any refreshment by the way. This announcement had a wonderfully cooling effect. The vixens ceased their remonstrances; and when the very discouraging intelligence of ‘no money—no drink’ spread through the miscellaneous groups who were now on the move, all gradually slunk away; and Larry's corpse was left to the charge of the kitchen-maid, the stable-boy, and the gardener and his sister.

I was thankful that even these few members of the procession proceeded to do their duty; and having seen the last of them, went home to the mansion, thinking of course that Larry would encounter no further difficulty in getting below the ground. Delusive hope! I did not know Ireland. Next morning I learned, that when the hearse arrived at the burying-ground, it was all at once

discovered that that very important particular, a grave, had been unaccountably forgotten. The party looked about and about, but no grave or apology for a grave could they cast eyes on; and, worse and worse, there was no shovel of any description wherewith a resting-place for the unfortunate Larry could be dug. So off the gardener trotted to borrow the necessary implements; and these being fortunately procured at a farmhouse not more than three miles off, a grave was at length prepared; and the coffin was entombed just about midnight, all right and comfortably, ‘thank God!’

I did not remain long in Ireland after this event. All the family were as kind as they possibly could be. But there were deficiencies in the *ménage* which the utmost stretch of politeness could not compensate. The rude disorder which prevailed was disheartening; and as my health began to leave me along with my spirits, I longed for *home*. I am now in that dear home, which no temptation, I trust, will ever again induce me to leave.

‘L'ACADIE.’

‘L'ACADIE, or Seven Years' Explorations in British America,’ by Sir James E. Alexander,* is one of the latest published books of travel, and differs so much from other works of its class, that it comes before us with the effect of novelty. Sir James is a soldier, was on active service in the country he describes; and to military men, therefore, his volumes will be more acceptable than to the reading world generally. At the same time there is much pleasant, off-hand observation on matters of social concern; and the author's account of his proceedings while surveying for a military road through New Brunswick is in a high degree amusing and instructive.

We should be glad to think that officers of Sir James Alexander's standing partook of the sentiments we everywhere see expressed in the work respecting temperance and rational economy. Wherever it can be done appropriately, he gives a smart rap to smoking, drinking, and similar follies. At a public dinner he attended at New York, plates of cigars were handed round during the toasts, and almost all helped themselves to one; whereupon he observes—“One gentleman said he always smoked twenty-five cigars a day, and often forty. It is really astonishing that men of intelligence and education will cloud their senses, and ruin their constitutions, with this absurd habit, originating in youth in the desire to appear manly.”

We have a long disquisition on desertions in Canada, the close neighbourhood of the United States offering a ready refuge to men who are disposed to break their allegiance. The monotony of garrison life and drunkenness are described as the principal causes of disgust with the service; and Sir James recommends employment, and the encouragement of temperance societies in regiments, as means for assuaging the evil. According to his account, deserters are not esteemed, and seldom do any good within the American territory. Many men, however, are either drowned in attempting to swim across to the States, or are captured. “The drowned bodies of deserters have been seen circling about for weeks in the Devil's Whirlpool below Niagara.” An amusing story is told of the capture of a deserter:—“He left Amherstburg to swim across at night to the opposite shore. He managed to give ‘a wide berth’ to Bois-blanc Island, on which there was a guard, and he breasted the stream gallantly; but getting among some other islands, he got confused; and instead of keeping the stream always running against his right shoulder, he got it on his left, and actually relanded on the British shore in the morning, thinking it was the American. A woman coming down for water was naturally a good deal surprised at the appearance of a man issuing, like Leander, from the flood close behind her, and exclaiming to her, ‘Hurrah! here we are on the land of

* London: Colburn. 2 vols. with Plates. 1849.

liberty!" "What do you mean?" she asked. "In the States, to be sure," he answered. The woman immediately saw the true state of the case, and saying "Follow me," he found himself in the guard-room.

In various parts of Canada bodies of Scotch are settled in clusters, or at least at no great distance from each other; and according to ancient habit, they endeavour to maintain some of their national customs. At one place Sir James had an opportunity during winter of engaging in the game of 'curling.' Instead of stones, however, which would have cracked with the frost, masses of iron of 56 to 80 lbs. weight, of the shape of curling-stones, were used. On St Andrew's Day he attended the dinner given by the Scotchmen at Kingston; and here he made the acquaintance of the chief of the MacNabs, who some years ago removed to Canada with 318 of his clan. The locality they selected was on the Upper Ottawa, in a romantic and agreeable situation near Lake Chats. Strange, to find a colony of the ancient Gael perpetuating the language and manners of their ancestors in the recesses of a Canadian forest! At the dinner in question, 'the MacNab was distinguished by a very fine appearance, stout and stalwart, and he carried himself like the head of a clan. His manners, too, were particularly courtier-like, as he had seen much good society abroad; and he was, above all, a warm-hearted man, and a true friend. He usually dressed in a blue coat and trousers, with a whole acre of MacNab tartan for a waistcoat—at great dinners he wore a full suit of his tartan. On the jacket were large silver buttons, which his ancestors wore in the "rising" in 1745.'

Another anecdote of a different kind informs us that the commercial genius of the New World has found in *rattlesnakes* an object of regular traffic:— 'My respectable old friend, T. M'Connell the trapper, told me that he was in the habit of visiting Niagara for the purpose of killing the *rattlesnakes* for the sake of their fat, and that he has sometimes killed three hundred in season, and thus:—He watched beside a ledge of rocks where their holes were, and stood behind a tree, club in hand, and with his legs eased in sheepskins with the wool on, to guard against bites. The snakes would come out cautiously to seek on account of food or to sun themselves, fearing to go far from their enemies, the pigs. The trapper would then rush forward and lay about him with his club; those which escaped to their holes he seized by the tail; and if they turned round and bit him in the hand, he would spit some snake-root (which he kept chewing in his mouth) on the wound: it frothed up, and danger would cease. The dead snakes were then roasted, hung up by the tail over a slow fire, and their fat collected, taking care there was no blood in it. The fat would sell for twelve dollars a bottle, and was considered of great value by the country people in cases of rheumatism and stiff joints.'

The survey of the great military road through the interior from Halifax, which was projected by government in 1844, formed a suitable opportunity for Sir James employing his skill in engineering; and he was accordingly engaged on a section of the undertaking. The road was designed to extend upward of five hundred miles in length. Beginning at Halifax, it crossed Nova Scotia by Truro and Amherst; having arrived in New Brunswick, it pursued a pretty straight line by Boiestown and Lake Madawaska to the south bank of the St Lawrence, whence it went onward to Quebec. The main object of the line was to favour the transit of troops to Canada; but practically it would open new and vast regions for settlement, and greatly advance the prosperity of the colonies, New Brunswick in particular. Already a travelled road existed for a hundred miles or more at each end, and therefore the only trouble lay with the central divisions. The exploration of the portion from near Fredericton to Boiestown was assigned to Sir James Alexander; and his party was to consist of one officer, one assistant surveyor, one Indian guide, and eight attendants, woodmen, or lumberers.

The duty was of a very serious kind. It was to hew a track of six clear feet through the trees and brush, so as to permit the use of the measuring chain and compass with sights; and this being done, axemen were to follow and blaze the trees, by cutting a slice of bark off each tree along the proposed line. When it is considered that the line was to perforate woods which had never been traversed by civilised man; that for months the party would not see a town or village, if, indeed, any human habitation; and that provisions and all other articles required to be carried on men's backs—for no beast of burthen could travel such entangled wildernesses—the difficulties will seem almost insurmountable. Yet even all this was found to be as nothing in comparison with that most fearful of all torments—the plague of insects. That a gentleman accustomed to ordinary refinements should have volunteered such an exploration, is only another proof of the sturdy heroism of the English soldier, who fears nothing in the cause of duty, or which can redound to the glory of his country.

Instead of tents, which would have been cumbersome, the party took three sheets of ticking, which, unrolling at night, they stretched on poles to windward, the poles being cut on the spot; and under lee of this shelter, and wrapped in blankets, they lay down to rest. There was no undressing or shaving except on Sunday, when, no work being done, the day was spent in religious exercises and general recreation. The fare was simple, chiefly salt pork, tea, and biscuits, and little cooking was necessary. The expedition started from the end of the line next Nova Scotia, so as to explore northwards to Boiestown; their departure being on the 28th of May, while yet the snow was not quite thawed and gone. Starting from their lairs at five in the morning after the first bivouac, all were speedily at their assigned duties. Sir James went ahead, axe on shoulder, and with a compass and haversack, exploring with the Indian André, and indicating the line of march. With intervals for meals, all went merrily on till five p. m., when the party camped for the night. 'The anxious inquirer may ask how many miles we got over in a day, suggesting "eight or ten?" and will doubtless be surprised to hear that a mile and a-quarter a day (though sometimes double that was accomplished), cut through the bush, was considered a fair day's work, and yet we were regularly at it from morning till night.'

The heat was usually about 60 degrees in the morning; at noon 75 degrees; and at sunset 65 degrees. This range of temperature would have been very pleasant in an open airy country; but in the stagnation of the woods the closeness was sometimes terrible to bear. Then came the savage accompaniments—the minute black fly, the constant summer torment; the mosquito, with intolerable singing, the prelude of its sharp probe; the sand-fly, with its hot sting; the horse-fly, which seems to take the bit out of the flesh; and the large moose, or speckled-winged fly. The party were never,' adds Sir James, 'free from flies of some kind or other; and I have seen the five different kinds just enumerated "doing their worst" at the same time in our flesh, and the black pests digging into it, and elevating their hinder end like ducks searching below the surface of pond.' To avert the attacks of these winged pests, all the members of the expedition wore gauze veils, tucked in carefully round the face and neck; but with this and all other precautions—such as constantly carrying a burning green stick, so as to raise a smoke—proved of comparatively small account. To vary the entertainment, a bear or wolf occasionally looked in upon the camp; but no accident was suffered from their visitations.

The country through which the line was tracked is generally level, of a good soil, and requires only to be cleared to fit for the settlement of a large population. Several small rivers were forded by the party; and at different places picturesque falls made their appearance. One of the largest rivers reached was the Gaspereau on the 10th of July, which it was not easy to cross with

loads. Shortly after this, they entered on the scene of the great Miramichi fire of 1825, a conflagration of the pine-forests over many hundred square miles of country, and which is understood to have burnt to death five hundred people. The blackened stumps of the magnificent trees which were destroyed still remain on the ground, interwoven with a new vegetation, differing, as usual, from that which preceded it. After chaining about ninety miles, and when nearly knocked up with fatigue and privations, the party of explorers came in sight of the limit of their measurements. Here they got well housed, and their hunger was satisfied with the wholesome country fare in Mackay's Inn at Bois- town, on the Miramichi.

It is much matter for regret that the engineering explorations of Sir James Alexander and others on this proposed road should have ended in nothing being done. At an expense of £60,000, the road, it is said, might have been made; and made it probably would have been, but for the freak of making a railway instead. This new project, started during the railway mania of 1845, and which would have cost that universal paymaster, Great Britain, not more than three or four millions of money (!), did not go on, which need not to be regretted; but it turned attention from the only practicable thing—a good common road; and till this day the road remains a desideratum.

After the pains we have taken to draw attention to the work of Sir James Alexander, it need scarcely be said that we recommend it for perusal. In conclusion, we may be allowed to express a hope that the author, the most competent man for the task perhaps in the Queen's dominions, will do something towards rousing public attention to the vast natural capabilities of New Brunswick—a colony almost at the door, and that might be readily made to receive the whole overplus population of the British islands. To effect such a grand social move as this would not be unworthy of the greatest minds of the age.

THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

AN association, as we learn, has sprung up in London with the view of procuring the abolition of all taxes on knowledge—meaning by that phrase the Excise duty on paper, the tax on foreign books, the duty on advertisements, and the penny stamp on newspapers; the whole of which yield a return to the Exchequer of £1,266,733; but deducting certain expenses to which the government is put, the aggregate clear revenue is calculated to be about £1,056,000.

We have been requested to give such aid as may be in our power to facilitate the objects of the Anti-tax-on-Knowledge Association, having, as is pretty correctly inferred, no small interest in seeing at least one department of the taxation—the duty on paper—swept away. So frequently, however, have we petitioned parliament on this subject, and with so little practical avail, that we have made up our minds to petition no more. If the public desire to get cheap newspapers, cheap literary journals, and cheap advertisements, they must say so, and take on themselves the trouble of agitating accordingly. This they have never yet done. They seem to have imagined that the question is one exclusively between publishers and papermakers and the government; whereas, in point of fact, it is as much a public question as that of the late taxes on food, and should be dealt with on the same broad considerations. We are, indeed, not quite sure that publishers, papermakers, and other tradesmen intimately concerned in the question are, as a body, favourable to the removal of the stamp, the Excise, and other taxes on their wares. Generally speaking, only a few of the more enterprising, and the least disposed to maintain a monopoly, have ever peti-

tioned for the abolition of these taxes. This will seem curious, yet it can be accounted for. A papermaker, to pay the duty on the goods he manufactures, must have a large command of capital; comparatively few can muster this capital; hence few can enter the trade. London wholesale stationers, who, by advancing capital to the papermakers, acquire a species of thralldom over them, are, according to all accounts, by no means desirous to see the duties abolished; for if they were abolished, their money-lending and thirilage powers would be gone. So is it with the great monopolists of the newspaper press. As things stand, few can compete with them. But remove the existing imposts, and let anybody print a newspaper who likes, and hundreds of competitors in town and country would enter the field. There can be no doubt whatever that the stamp and advertisement-duty, particularly the latter, would long since have been removed but for the want of zeal shown by the London newspaper press. If these, however, be mistaken opinions, let us now see the metropolitan stationers and newspaper proprietors petition vigorously for the removal of the taxes that have been named.

But on the public the great burthen of the agitation must necessarily fall. Never would the legislature have abolished the taxes on bread from the mere complaints of the corn importers; nor will the taxes on knowledge be removed till the tax-payers show something like earnestness in pressing their demands. The modern practice of statesmanship is, to have no mind of its own: it has substituted agitation for intelligence, and only responds to clamour. The public surely can have no difficulty in making a noise! Let it do battle in this cause—cry out lustily—and we shall cheerfully help it. If it wont, why, then, we rather believe the matter must be let alone.

Who will dare to avow that the prize is not worthy of the contest? We do not apprehend that, by any process of cheapening, the newspaper press of Great Britain would ever sink to that pitch of foulness that seems to prevail in America. The tastes and habits of the people are against it; the law, strongly administered, is against it. The only change we would expect by the removal of the stamp-duty, and the substitution of, say, a penny postage, would be the rise of news-sheets in every town in the kingdom. And why not? Why, in these days of electric telegraph, should not every place have its own paper, unburthened with a stamp? Or why should the people of London, who do not post their newspapers, be obliged to pay for stamps which they never use? As to the advertisement-duty—an exaction of 1s. 6d. on every business announcement—its continuance is a scandal to common sense; and the removal of that alone would give an immense impetus to all branches of trade. The taxes which press on our own peculiar sheet we say nothing about, having already in many ways pointed out their effect in lessening the power of the printing-machine, and limiting the sphere of its public usefulness.

DR ARNOTT ON VENTILATION AS A PREVENTIVE OF DISEASE.

DR NEIL ARNOTT has addressed a letter on this subject to the 'Times' newspaper. Any expression of opinion by him on such a subject, and more particularly with reference to the prevailing epidemics, must be deemed of so much importance, that we are anxious, as far as in our power, to keep it before the world. He commences by assuming, what will readily be granted, that fresh air for breathing is one of the essentials to life, and that the respiration of air poisoned by impure matter is highly detrimental to health, insomuch that it will sometimes produce the immediate destruction of life. The air acquires impurities from two sources in chief—solid and liquid filth, and the human breath. Persons exposed to these agencies in open places, as the manufacturers of manure in Paris, will suffer little.

It is chiefly when the poison is caught and retained under cover, as in close rooms, that it becomes notably active, its power, however, being always chiefly shown upon those whose tone of health has been reduced by intemperance, by improper food or drink, by great fatigue and anxiety, and, above all, by a habitual want of fresh air.

Dr Arnott regards ventilation not only as a ready means of rendering harmless the breath of the inmates of houses, as well as those living in hospitals and other crowded places, but as a good interim-substitute for a more perfect kind of draining than that which exists. 'To illustrate,' he says, 'the efficacy of ventilation, or dilution with fresh air, in rendering quite harmless any aerial poison, I may adduce the explanation given in a report of mine on fevers, furnished at the request of the Poor-Law Commissioners in 1840, of the fact, that the malaria or infection of marsh fevers, such as occur in the Pontine marshes near Rome, and of all the deadly tropical fevers, affects persons almost only in the night. Yet the malaria or poison from decomposing organic matters which causes these fevers is formed during the day, under the influence of the hot sun, still more abundantly than during the colder night; but in the day the direct beams of the sun warm the surface of the earth so intensely, that any air touching that surface is similarly heated, and rises away like a fire balloon, carrying up with it of course, and much diluting, all poisonous malaria formed there. During the night, on the contrary, the surface of the earth, no longer receiving the sun's rays, soon radiates away its heat, so that a thermometer lying on the ground is found to be several degrees colder than one hanging in the air a few feet above. The poison formed near the ground, therefore, at night, instead of being heated and lifted, and quickly dissipated, as during the day, is rendered cold, and comparatively dense, and lies on the earth a concentrated mass, which it may be death to inspire. Hence the value in such situations of sleeping apartments near the top of a house, or of apartments below, which shut out the night air, and are large enough to contain a sufficient supply of the purer day air for the persons using them at night, and of mechanical means of taking down pure air from above the house to be a supply during the night. At a certain height above the surface of the earth, the atmosphere being nearly of equal purity all the earth over, a man rising in a balloon, or obtaining air for his house from a certain elevation, might be considered to have changed his country, any peculiarity of the atmosphere below, owing to the great dilution effected before it reached the height, becoming absolutely insensible.'

'Now, in regard to the dilution of aerial poisons in houses by ventilation, I have to explain that every chimney in a house is what is called a sucking or drawing air-pump, of a certain force, and can easily be rendered a valuable ventilating-pump. A chimney is a pump—first, by reason of the suction or approach to a vacuum made at the open top of any tube across which the wind blows directly; and, secondly, because the flue is usually occupied, even when there is no fire, by air somewhat warmer than the external air, and has therefore, even in a calm day, what is called a chimney-draught proportioned to the difference. In England, therefore, of old, when the chimney breast was always made higher than the heads of persons sitting or sleeping in rooms, a room with an open chimney was tolerably well ventilated in the lower part, where the inmates breathed. The modern fashion, however, of very low grates and low chimney openings, has changed the case completely; for such openings can draw air only from the bottom of the room, where generally the coolest, the last entered, and therefore the purest air, is found; while the hotter air of the breath, of lights, of warm food, and often of subterranean drains, &c., rises and stagnates near the ceiling, and gradually corrupts there. Such heated, impure air, no more tends downwards again to escape or dive under the chimneypiece, than oil in an inverted bottle, immersed in water, will dive down through the water to escape by the bottle's mouth; and such a bottle, or other vessel containing oil, and so placed in water with its open mouth downwards, even if left in a running stream, would retain the oil for any length of time. If, however, an opening be made into a chimney fine through the wall near the ceiling of the room, then will all the hot impure air of the room as certainly pass away by that opening as oil from the inverted bottle would instantly all escape upwards through a small opening made near the elevated bottom of the bottle. A top window-sash, lowered a little, instead of serving, as many people believe it does, like such an

opening into the chimney flue, becomes generally, in obedience to the chimney draught, merely an inlet of cold air, which first falls as a cascade to the floor, and then glides towards the chimney, and gradually passes away by this, leaving the hotter impure air of the room nearly untouched.

'For years past I have recommended the adoption of such ventilating chimney openings as above described, and I devised a balanced metallic valve, to prevent, during the use of fire, the escape of smoke to the room. The advantages of these openings and valves were soon so manifest, that the referees appointed under the Building Act added a clause to their bill, allowing the introduction of the valves, and directing how they were to be placed, and they are now in very extensive use. A good illustration of the subject was afforded in St James's parish, where some quarters are densely inhabited by the families of Irish labourers. These localities formerly sent an enormous number of sick to the neighbouring dispensary. Mr Toynbee, the able medical chief of that dispensary, came to consult me respecting the ventilation of such places, and on my recommendation had openings made into the chimney flues of the rooms near the ceilings, by removing a single brick, and placing there a piece of wire gauze with a light curtain flap hanging against the inside, to prevent the issue of smoke in gusty weather. The decided effect produced at once on the feelings of the inmates was so remarkable, that there was an extensive demand for the new appliance, and, as a consequence of its adoption, Mr Toynbee had soon to report, in evidence given before the Health of Towns Commission, and in other published documents, both an extraordinary reduction of the number of sick applying for relief, and of the severity of diseases occurring. Wide experience elsewhere has since obtained similar results. Most of the hospitals and poor-houses in the kingdom now have these chimney-valves; and most of the medical men, and others who have published of late on sanitary matters, have strongly commended them. Had the present Board of Health possessed the power, and deemed the means expedient, the chimney openings might, as a prevention of cholera, almost in one day, and at the expense of about a shilling for a poor man's room, have been established over the whole kingdom.

'Mr Simpson, the registrar of deaths for St Giles's parish, an experienced practitioner, whose judgment I value much, related to me lately that he had been called to visit a house in one of the crowded courts, to register the death of an inmate from cholera. He found five other persons living in the room, which was most close and offensive. He advised the immediate removal of all to other lodgings. A second died before the removal took place, and soon after, in the poor-house and elsewhere, three others died who had breathed the foul air of that room. Mr Simpson expressed to me his belief that if there had been the opening described above into the chimney near the ceiling, this horrid history would not have been told. I believe so too, and I believe that there have been in London lately very many similar cases.'

'The chimney-valves are part of a set of means devised by me for ventilation under all circumstances. My report on the ventilation of ships, sent at the request of the Board of Health, has been published in the Board's late Report on Quarantine, with testimony furnished to the Admiralty as to its utility in a convict ship with 500 prisoners. My observations on the ventilation of hospitals are also in the hands of the Board, but not yet published. All the new means have been freely offered to the public, but persons desiring to use them should be careful to employ competent makers.'

'Having seen Dr Arnott's ventilators in operation in London and elsewhere, we can venture to recommend them as a simple and very inexpensive machinery for ventilating rooms with fires. The process is indeed generally known, and would be more extensively applied if people knew where to procure the ventilators. We have had many letters of inquiry on this subject, and could only refer parties to "any respectable ironmongers." But unfortunately, as it appears, there are hundreds of respectable ironmongers who never heard of the article in question, and our recommendation goes pretty much for nothing. Curious how a little practical difficulty will mar a great project! We trust that the worthy doctor will try to let it be known where his ventilators are to be had in town and country.'

AN OLD-FASHIONED DITTY.

I've tried in much bewilderment to find
Under which phase of loveliness in thee
I love thee best; but oh, my wandering mind
Hovers o'er many sweets, as doth a bee,
And all I feel is contradictory.

I love to see thee gay, because thy smile
Is sweeter than the sweetest thing I know;
And then thy limpid eyes are all the while
Sparkling and dancing, and thy fair cheeks glow
With such a sunset lustre, that o'er so
I love to see thee gay.

I love to see thee sad, for then thy face
Expresseth an angelic misery;
Thy tears are shed with such a gentle grace,
Thy words fall soft, yet sweet as words can be,
That though 'tis selfish, I confess, in me,
I love to see thee sad.

I love to hear thee speak, because thy voice
Than music's self is yet more musical,
Its tones make every living thing rejoice;
And I, when on mine ear those accents fall,
In sooth I do believe that most of all
I love to hear thee speak.

Yet no! I love thee mute; for oh, thine eyes
Express so much, thou hast no need of speech!
And there's a language that in silence lies,
When two full hearts look fondness each to each,
Love's language that I fain to thee would teach,
And so I love thee mute.

Thus I have come to the conclusion sweet,
Nothing thou dost can less than perfect be;
All beauties and all virtues in thee meet;
Yet one thing more I'd fain behold in thee—
A little love, a little love for me.

MARIAN.

DEER.

The deer is the most acute animal we possess, and adopts the most sagacious plans for the preservation of its life. When it lies, satisfied that the wind will convey to it an intimation of the approach of its pursuer, it gazes in another direction. If there are any wild birds, such as curlews or ravens, in its vicinity, it keeps its eye intently fixed on them, convinced that they will give it a timely alarm. It selects its cover with the greatest caution, and invariably chooses an eminence from which it can have a view around. It recognises individuals, and permits the shepherds to approach it. The stags at Tornapress will suffer the boy to go within twenty yards of them, but if I attempt to encroach upon them they are off at once. A poor man who carries peats in a creel on his back here, may go 'cheek-for-jowl' with them: I put on his pannier the other day, and attempted to advance, and immediately they sprang away like antelopes. An eminent deer-stalker told me the other day of a plan one of his keeper's adopted to kill a very wary stag. This animal had been known for years, and occupied part of a plain from which it could perceive the smallest object at the distance of a mile. The keeper cut a thick bush, which he carried before him as he crept, and commenced stalking at eight in the morning; but so gradually did he move forward, that it was five P.M. before he stood in triumph with his foot on the breast of the antlered king. 'I never felt so much for an inferior creature,' said the gentleman, 'as I did for this deer. When I came up it was panting life away, with its large blue eyes firmly fixed on its slayer. You would have thought, sir, that it was accusing itself of simplicity in having been so easily betrayed.'—*Inverness Courier.*

IVORY.

At the quarterly meeting of the Geological and Polytechnic Society of the West Riding of Yorkshire, held in the Guildhall in Doncaster, on Wednesday last, Earl Fitzwilliam in the chair, Mr Dalton of Sheffield read a paper on 'ivory as an article of manufacture.' The value of the annual consumption in Sheffield was about £30,000, and about 500 persons were employed in working it up for trade. The number of tusks to make up the weight

consumed in Sheffield, about 180 tons, was 45,000. According to this, the number of elephants killed every year was 22,500; but supposing that some tusks were cast, and some animals died, it might be fairly estimated that 18,000 were killed for the purpose.—*Yorkshire Gazette.*

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